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TWO EVENINGS WITH BISMARCK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE surprises that await the deputies and representatives of the North German League, when, after a hard day's work and a late supper, they return, wearied in body and mind, to their Berlin penates, are not, as a rule, of a very cheering description. They generally consist of large unwieldy packets of printed matter, which contain the orders for the next day's imperial Diet, and a mass of amendments on the coming motions, &c. Letters also, especially home ones, form no small portion of the evening's recreation. One may judge, therefore, of the general surprise, when, amongst the pile of evening correspondence, a short note appears from Prince Bismarck to the effect that he would be 'greatly obliged if Deputy or Privy-councillor So-and-so will give him the pleasure of his company every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, commencing from the 24th April, as long as the session of the imperial Diet lasts.'

What more natural than that the Chancellor should wish to assemble at his own familiar hearth, all those representatives of the nation who for the most part gladly accompany and support him on the rough and stony paths of German politics that he is treading, and to want to spend a few hours with them in pleasant social intercourse, after the many weary hours of heavy parliamentary work?

This same need was equally felt by most of the deputies and councillors and other members of the imperial Diet, who all equally looked forward to the coming evening.

As everything connected with the Diet is carried out with military precision, so here, also, the hour of nine had hardly finished striking, ere the guests began to arrive at the well-known modest two-storied building in the Wilhelmstrasse, which the Prussian government assigns to its Minister for Foreign Affairs as his official residence, and which Prince Bismarck inhabited in his threefold

capacity of Minister for Lauenburg, Prussian President Minister, and Chancellor of the North German League. Here, on the ground-floor of the long unadorned building, are the workrooms of the Prussian ministerial officials. On the first floor are the work and reception rooms of Bismarck, as well as his private family apartments. At the back of the house, where the noise and turmoil of the great busy city never penetrate, lies one of those beautiful shady old timbered parks, such as the royal crown of Prussia possesses, between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Königstrasse, and also between the latter and the Leipzigerstrasse—in all about a hundred acres.

At the entrance are the inevitable constables, saluting the guests as they arrive. Numerous lackeys in black and white livery hand the visitor up the broad flight of stairs into an elegantly furnished anteroom, where those who wait to see the Chancellor on business can, while in the midst of the most harmonious surroundings of rich carpets, silken hangings, and luxurious seats, speculate as to what possible connection the stuffed hare, standing so prominently forward on the side-board, can have with the family of Bismarck.

A more interesting sight, however, now greeted us. The Chancellor's wife, a tall aristocratic-looking woman, with decided but pleasing features, and in an elegant though simple toilet, received each guest as he arrived with gracious affability. Standing close beside the open portières, past which the eye glanced into the family living-rooms, she was a true type of the position she holds both in home and public life. A noble wife and mother, she has faithfully stood by her husband's side from the very commencement of his political career. A Chicago paper declares that Bismarck's wife is her husband's private secretary! How far this statement is true, we do not pretend to say; but an old friend of the family has repeatedly told us that during the saddest time that Germany has witnessed for the last fifty years, when Bismarck, disheartened and dispirited, retired to his small property of Schönhausen, there to vegetate as a small Prussian

landowner, while brooding moodily over all his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever fresh courage and hope.

A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on towards the billiard-room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas lies a handsome bearskin—the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand; and on a bracket stands the magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of his castle, which King William presented to the Prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The Prince, we were told, was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door, in animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new-comer—sometimes even stretching out both hands to right and left with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face, from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy colouring; the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year; his hair is of that light Saxon hue which defies both Time and impertinent curiosity; and the figure is as firm and upright as the youngest man there present. On this evening he also wore his favourite and most comfortable dress—that is, uniform, but *not* in strict accordance with Regulation.

Moltke's fine thin lips are curved with an amused smile, as he observes the Prince's unmilitary get-up. The short smart tunic is worn open, innocent of either sword or sword-belt, displaying an ordinary black cloth evening waistcoat underneath. Only the most necessary orders are worn; among them, some of those of the smaller states peep coquettishly forth. Are these meant to fascinate the hearts of the minor invited deputies?

Those who have only seen Bismarck in pictures or heard him speak in the Diet, or even met him in his walks, only know him from his official side, and as the great statesman and dignitary. But here, inside his own four walls, with ample leisure, and surrounded by celebrated and patriotic men, who all, more or less, have helped to advise, combat, or further his work, one learns to know and recognise in the Prince the real man and intelligent companion whose mighty intellect wields the affairs of nations. We have often heard visitors who were present at the sittings of the Diet declare that nothing surprised them so much as the intonation and pathos of Bismarck's voice when speaking. His height, his brows, his forehead, his chest, his speeches, were all far greater and more powerful than they had imagined; but his voice, either when giving

utterance to the driest details, or when startling his audience by some passionate appeal, had something marvellously soft and winning in it. And they are not far wrong. One can always tell from the Prince's words, by the sound of his voice, what his feelings are at the time, no matter how moderate his speech may be; and never was this more distinct and vivid than on these Saturday evenings.

Now he approaches our circle. 'I wished much to see you here, gentlemen. It is so much easier to talk and understand one another here, than in the Diet House!'—and he shook hands all round. 'Besides, now, if you want to interpellate me, or one of the deputies or privy-councillors, you can do so quietly and at your ease in a corner, and settle the whole affair in a few minutes.'

The Prince was right. Never before had the necessity of familiar and friendly intercourse been more apparent than during this session. From various untoward causes, the most crying discords had arisen between the deputies and the Diet, chiefly owing to neither party thoroughly understanding the other.

From amid the rows of deputies and councillors, emerged the portly form of the brave 'Red Becker,' red in hair as well as in opinion, a living proof that even an inborn democrat and agitator can attain a very comfortable rotundity. Becker had surpassed himself that morning in the Diet. He, as the permanent reporter of the Chamber of Deputies and the Diet, on all postal, telegraphic, and railway matters, had drastically described the frightful misuse, on the part of the princely houses of Germany, of their right to free carriage and telegraph. He had shown how the whole of the royal bill of fare had been telegraphed free of charge; how endless telegraphic milliners' and dressmakers' orders had been sent free between the German courts and Paris; while the citizen's despatch, on which probably hangs both life and property, must wait till the royal cook has ordered a dollar's worth of parsley by telegraph; how, after that, all these huge parcels have to be sent carriage free to their destination; and finally, he had proved, to the great amusement of the House, by the genealogical almanac, that in Lippe alone, no fewer than sixty princes and princesses had this inborn right to postal freedom.

He now placed himself directly in front of the Chancellor, in his favourite attitude, with his hands behind his back, and looked up at him with an expression which seemed to say: 'Now, had you any idea that this royal prerogative of free post and telegraph had been so shamefully abused?'

But Bismarck only laughed heartily, saying: 'My dear Becker, believe me, I know of far worse things.'

'Indeed! Pray, then, tell us some, Your Excellency!' said 'Red Becker' with great animation.

'Nay; that I cannot do,' replied Bismarck. 'My information comes from the Postmaster-general at Phillipsborn; and he knows far worse things than I do.'

A group of people had now come in between us and the speakers.

A servant handed round tea; but, strange to say, there was no rum, so little has Bismarck imbibed of Russian habits and tastes, in spite of his long sojourn at St Petersburg.

Here, again, in front of one of the couches, lay the head and skin of a splendid elk, another trophy of Bismarck's prowess as a sportsman. The walls of this room were hung with yellow Gobelins of 'Chinese patterns,' and furniture to correspond. By degrees, all the guests had gradually congregated in this room—deputies, councillors, ministers, admirals, secretaries, all mingled together. There was none of that reserve and strict etiquette with which ministers usually love to surround themselves, like a wall of division between them and the people's representatives, none of that exclusiveness and national party spirit which, as a rule, is always present in the Diet. Very few uniforms were visible among the guests. The nooks and corners, in which, according to Bismarck's own words, the great affairs of the state could be settled and arranged in five minutes, were now all filled with eager talkative groups of deputies and councillors, or the leaders of the different parties. The conversation in our neighbourhood was carried on in a pretty loud and easy tone and without any reserve; for there did not lurk here, as there does behind every door and in every retiring-room of the imperial parliament, some insidious reporter for the press.

'Who is that stout gentleman yonder, with the very elaborate shirt-front, blue coat with brass buttons, and a huge and perfectly new order of the Eagle of the third class? He tries in vain to disguise his eastern origin.'

'Is it possible you do not know him?—this man, whom Bismarck's son in his last pamphlet described as the greatest man of his century!—this father of millions of—railway shares! Do you really mean to say you do not know him? Well, then, my dear sir, you see before you Dr Strousberg, formerly Baruch Hirsch Strousberg, of the firm of Dr Ujest, Strousberg & Company!—Shall I introduce you?'

But the subject of this discourse had already joined that arch-satirist, Von Unruh Magdeburgh, the President of the Constitutional Prussian National Assembly. Beside him appeared the venerable head of Simson, the perpetual President of the German parliament.

'Do you know the best way of enforcing respect into our noisy neighbours, the French?' asked my *vis-à-vis*.—I thought of our millions of soldiers; but he continued: 'You need only tell them that our three Presidents, Simson, Ujest, and Benningson, have twenty-seven children between them—nine each.'

Meanwhile, the servants again came round with refreshments for the guests; this time it was *Maitrank*,* in long Venetian glasses, and magnificent silver tankards filled with sparkling ale.

* A cool summer drink or cup, made of Rhine wine, in which the herb *Waldmeister* plays a prominent part.

But the heat still continued to increase, and became almost unbearable. Lasker was the first to move an amendment, to dispense with kid gloves; and like most of Lasker's motions, this proposition found plenty of support among the deputies, and in this instance, even among the councillors.

And now the intimate friends and relations of the Chancellor invite the guests to adjourn to the dining saloon, which is the last of the long row of apartments we had up till now passed through. This saloon, an oblong square, joins the apartment last described, at the right-hand corner; only its narrow side faces the street. The decorations and fittings-up of this dining saloon differ entirely from all the rest of the suite. It has been kept exactly the same as when Bismarck took it over from his predecessor; in fact, for fifty years this apartment has remained unchanged. There still hangs the same massive chandelier with its forty-eight candles; the same white panels with golden borders still cover the walls; the same shell-shaped mirrors, the same yellow marble mantel-pieces that were there under Hardenberg, Mannteuffel, and Schleichnitz, all remain unchanged.

'The last time I was here I was under Mannteuffel,' says old Count Schwerin, the head of the Liberal party, to me, standing in his favourite position with both his hands in his trousers' pockets.

The first feeling of shyness having worn away, the various dainties, in the shape of cold game, saddle of venison, mayonnaises, Italian salads, &c., with which the long centre table was laden, were speedily done justice to. Even the modest Saxon privy-councillor, who three minutes before had retreated from the table and refused the invitation with a polite wave of the hand and a, 'No, no; thank you!' now followed in the war-path of the pioneers for food. There was no time or space to think of sitting down; each one helped himself to a plate from the piles, placed in readiness on the table, together with the necessary table requisites, and hastened to partake of the delicacies that had been prepared for his delectation. A party of Saxon and Rhenish gentlemen had succeeded in getting possession of a side-table, and there, seated at their ease, they intrenched themselves against the annexation tendencies of the North German League appetites; getting all their provisions through the proper constitutional channel of the Bismarckian domestics.

Meanwhile, as I have so often observed before, a saddle of venison is a most fruitful source for starting hunting adventures, and so it proved in this case. My old friend, worthy Dr Neubronner from Nassau, whom no one would have accused of being a bloodthirsty huntsman by nature, was no sooner presented to Bismarck, than he reminded the minister how, in former days, when he, Bismarck, was representative at Frankfort, they had hunted together in the neighbourhood of that town.

'Of course I remember it; and very pleasant days they were,' replied Bismarck; and he forthwith proceeded to describe, greatly to the amusement of the *present* deputies of the annexed province of Nassau, the celebrities and oddities of the Nassau and Frankfort of that day, with

so much life and humour, that the merriment of this South German group attracted general attention. The account of '*dicke* (portly) Daumer's' intense fear of death, or anything connected therewith, specially amused the sons of the now Prussianised district of Wiesbaden. Bismarck continued: 'One fine autumn morning, I was out hunting with "*dicke* Daumer" in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. After a long and tiring climb among the mountains, we sat down to rest on the edge of the forest, when, to my horror, I found I had brought no luncheon with me. "*Dicke* Daumer," however, drew forth a mighty sausage, and, in the most noble and magnanimous manner, offered me half of it. Now, gentlemen, I frankly confess to having a very good appetite, which this morning excursion in the keen mountain air had by no means lessened. The whole sausage would barely have sufficed to satisfy my hunger. Our meal commenced; I saw the end of my piece of sausage approaching; I was getting desperate! Then suddenly turning to "*dicke* Daumer," I ask in the most innocent manner possible: "Can you tell me, Herr Daumer, what that white thing down there among the plum-trees is?"

"Good gracious, Your Excellency, you quite take away one's appetite!" said Daumer, who so dreaded his latter end. "Why, that is the churchyard!"

"Is it really, now? Why, Herr Daumer, it looks so pretty! let us go down and choose out some nice secluded shady nook! How calm and peaceful it must be to rest in so sweet a spot!"

"Oh, Your Excellency!—there—there," and he put down the sausage: "I cannot touch another mouthful!"

'And old Daumer remained firm in this. So you see, gentlemen, I had a good luncheon after all.'

Universal laughter greeted this anecdote.

'How is it one never sees you now in the House?' I ask a young Thuringian who has made a name for himself both as a government lawyer and a wit.

'Oh, I am busy all day now in the European "Lint Congress,"' he replied.

'And pray, what may that be?' I ask.

'Why, my dear sir, did you not know that is the name the Berliner wits have given to the International Association for the care and nursing of wounded soldiers?'

Two of the greatest lawyers in the world stand close beside me deep in conversation. Every ten minutes, a fresh word is added to a paragraph for the future North German penal code. Braun-Wiesbaden approaches and joins the conclave, which is just discussing that much vexed question, the abolition of capital punishment.

'You may make your minds easy, gentlemen, and settle to abolish capital punishment,' he said.

'Indeed! Have you, then, found a surrogate?'

'I have.'

'Well?' ask the expectant lawyers with unbelieving curiosity.

'Why, you have only to send the delinquents to the "North German Commission for the better Regulation of Trade"—that will settle them!'

But I hear Bismarck's voice again close behind

me. 'Let us drink to the welfare of the old blue red and gold colours of the Hannovera of Göttingen!' he called out to his old fellow-student, the Burgomaster Fromme of Lüneburg. And the two 'old collegians,' while emptying their glasses of sparkling Rhine wine, chat over the pleasant days of their youth.

Even as far back as that time, whenever Bismarck was asked what he was studying, his answer invariably was: 'Diplomacy.' He was then a very slight overgrown young student, with a fair sprouting moustache—known everywhere by his magnificent Newfoundland dog, and much feared on account of his skill with the sword, having, while still an undergraduate, come off victor in several duels with members of opposition corps; though the scar on his left cheek bears testimony to the uncertainty attending the fate of even the most skilful of fencers. The antagonist who inflicted this 'quart' now enjoys the confidence of a great part of the North German population, so much so, that he was elected representative for the Diet.

When he was first presented to Bismarck, the latter, pointing to the scar, asked: 'Are you the one?'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

'Well, you certainly *did* give it me rather hot.'

'Yes, Your Excellency—that was what you said at the time; but the "duel-book" did not concur in it, and decided you gave as good as you got.'

But those diplomatic studies at Göttingen have borne visible fruits. It is only a pity that the multifarious duties of his threefold office of minister, Chancellor, and brandy-distiller—for he has been a distiller for over twenty years—prevent the Prince from coming forward as the advocate of practical diplomacy. Many a professor's chair would be open to him.

The theme of the Prince's diplomatic lecture this evening was 'the blue-books,' a subject he had already ventilated the day before in the Diet, urged thereto by Lasker.

'Well, gentlemen, if you absolutely wish to have a "blue-book," I will endeavour next year to provide one that will at least be harmless,' he had said amid the laughter of the House.

Now he gave us an example of the doubtful value of these collective despatches. 'Say, for example, Lord Augustus Loftus comes to me and asks me whether I am disposed to hear a private letter from his minister, Lord Clarendon. He then reads me a short epistle in the noble lord's own handwriting, and we talk the matter over quietly for about an hour. Five days after, he is again announced. This time he comes armed with a huge official despatch from the English Foreign Office. He commences to read. "I beg your pardon, Your Excellency!" I interrupt him, "but you told me all that last Monday."

"Yes, so I did; but now the despatch has to go into the blue-book."

"Then I suppose I must now repeat my answer all over again, for the benefit of your blue-book?"

"Certainly, if Your Excellency sees no reason against it—that is what is required."

"Well, I suppose I must let you have it;" and so I have to give up another hour to him just for the sake of the blue-book, and have in addition

constantly to explain to the English ambassador: "This sentence is *not* meant for your blue-book," as, for instance, that I look upon the blue-book as an essentially wordy and superfluous institution.

But it is past eleven. Gradually the numerous guests take their leave of the Chancellor. He bids them all 'Adieu, au revoir.' Then passing through the apartment where his wife and daughters were seated, surrounded by a large circle of friends, we salute our noble hostess; and a quarter of an hour later sees us back at the *Petersburger Hof*, comfortably ensconced in the saloon of our hotel, and discussing the events of the evening under the soothing influence of the peaceful pipe.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER III.

'O MARIAN, do you know, I've met Mr Hawthorn; and what a delightful man he is! I quite fell in love with him myself, I assure you! Wasn't it absurd? He came down the other morning to the boathouse; and he and a friend of his positively jumped over the wall, without an invitation, into old Colonel Boddington's front garden.'

Marian took Nora's hand warmly. 'I'm so glad you like Edward,' she said, kissing her cheek and smoothing her forehead. 'I was sure you'd like him. I've been longing for you to come to town ever since we got engaged, so that you might manage to see him.—Well, dear, and do you think him handsome?'

'Handsome! O Marian, awfully handsome; and so nice, too. Such a sweet voice and manner, so grave and cultivated, somehow. I always do like Oxford and Cambridge men—ever so much better than army men, Marian.'

'Who had he with him at the boathouse?' Marian asked.

'Oh, my dear, such a funny man—a Mr Noel, whom I met last week down at the Buckleburies. Colonel Boddington says his father's one of the greatest swells in all Lincolnshire—a Sir Somebody Noel, or something. And do you know, Marian, he simply jumped over the wall, without knowing the Boddingtons one bit, just because he saw me there—wasn't it dreadful of him, after only meeting me once, too?—and then apologised to the old colonel, who was looking daggers. But the moment Mr Noel said something or other incidentally about his father Sir Somebody, the colonel became as mild as a lamb, and asked him to lunch at once, and tried to put him sitting right between Minnie and Adela. And Mr Noel managed to shuffle out of it somehow, and got on one side of me, with Mr Hawthorn on the other side; and he talked so that he kept me laughing right through the whole of lunch-time.'

'He's awfully amusing,' Marian said with a slight smile.—'And I suppose you rather liked Mr Noel, too, didn't you, Nora?'

Nora shook her head energetically. 'No, my dear; not my sort of man at all, really. I certainly wasn't in the least taken with him.'

'Not a little bit even, Nora?'

'Not even a little bit, dear,' she answered

decidedly. 'He isn't at all the sort of man I should ever care for. Too dark for me, by several shades, for one thing, Marian. You know, we West Indians never can endure these very dark people.'

'But I'm dark, Nora, and you like me, you know, don't you?'

'Oh, you. Yes; that's quite another thing, Marian. That's nothing, to be dark as you are. Your hair and eyes and complexion are just perfect, darling. But Mr Noel—well, he's a shade or two too dark for me, anyhow; and I don't mind saying so to you candidly.—Mr Hawthorn's a great deal more my ideal of what a handsome man ought to be. I think his eyes, his hair, and his moustache are just simply lovely, Marian.'

'Why, of course, you and he ought to be friends,' Marian said, a natural thought flashing suddenly across her. 'He comes from Trinidad, just the same as you do. How funny that the two people I've liked best in all the world should both come from the very same little bit of an island. I daresay you used to know some of his people.'

'That's the very funniest part of it all, Marian. I can't recollect anything at all about his family; I don't even remember ever to have heard of them from any Trinidad people.'

Marian looked up quickly from the needlework on which she was employed, and said simply: 'I daresay they didn't happen to know your family.'

'Well, that's just what's odd about it, dear,' Nora continued, pulling out her crochet. 'Everybody in Trinidad knows my family. And Mr Hawthorn's father's in the Legislative Council, too, just like papa; and Mr Hawthorn has been to Cambridge, you know, and is a barrister, and knows Arabic, and is unusually clever, Mr Noel tells me. I can't imagine how on earth it is I've never even heard of him before.'

'Well, at anyrate, I'm so awfully glad you really like him, now that you've actually seen him, Nora. One's always so afraid that all one's friends won't like one's future husband.'

'Like him, dear; how on earth could one help liking him? Why, I think he's simply delightful. And that's so surprising, too, because generally, you know, one's friends *will* go and marry such regular horrid sticks of men. I think he's the nicest man I've ever met anywhere, almost.'

'And the exception is—?'

'Put in for propriety's sake, dear, for fear you should think I was quite too enthusiastic. And do you know, he tells me he's going in for a judgeship in Trinidad; and won't it be splendid, Marian, if he happens to get it, and you both go out there with me, darling? I shall be just too delighted.'

Marian gave a little sigh. 'I shall be very glad if he gets it in one way,' she said, 'because then, of course, Edward and I will be able to marry immediately; and papa's so very much opposed to a long engagement.'

'Besides which,' Nora put in frankly, 'you'd naturally yourself, too, be glad to get married as soon as possible.'

'But then, on the other hand,' Marian went on, smiling quietly, 'it would be a dreadful

thing going so far away from all one's friends and relations and so forth. Though, of course, with Edward to take care of me, I wouldn't be afraid to go anywhere.'

'Of course not,' said Nora confidently. 'And I shall be there, too, Marian; and we shall have such lovely times together. People have no end of fun in the West Indies, you know. Everybody says it's the most delightful place in the world in the cool season. The floors are kept polished all the year round, without any carpets, just like the continent, and so you can have a dance at any moment, whenever people enough happen to drop in together accidentally of an evening. Mamma used to say there was no end of gaiety; and that she never could endure the stiffness and unsociability of English society, after the hospitable habits of dear old Trinidad.'

'I hope we shall like it,' Marian said, 'if Edward really succeeds in getting this appointment. It'll be a great alleviation to the pain of parting with one's friends here, if you're going to be there too, Nora.'

'Yes, my dear, you must get married at once, and we must arrange somehow to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer. I mean to have no end of fun going out. And when you get there, of course papa'll be able to introduce you and Mr Hawthorn to all the society in the island. I call it just delightful.'

At that moment, the servant entered and announced Mr Hawthorn.

Marian rose from her seat and went forward to meet him. Edward had a long official envelope in his hands, with a large broken seal in red sealing-wax on the back, and the important words, 'On Her Majesty's Service,' printed in very big letters at the lower left-hand corner. Marian trembled a little with excitement, not unmixed with fear, as soon as she saw it.

'Well, my darling,' cried Edward joyously, in spite of Nora's presence, 'it's all right; I've got the judgeship. And now, Marian, we shall be able to get married immediately.'

A woman always succeeds in doing the most incomprehensible and unexpected thing under all circumstances; and Marian, hearing now for the first time that their hearts' desire was at last in a fair way to be accomplished, did not exhibit those emotions Edward might have imagined she would do, but fell back upon the sofa, half faint, and burst out suddenly crying.

Edward looked at her tenderly with a mingled look of surprise and sorrow. 'Why, Marian,' he said, a little reproachfully, 'I thought you would be so delighted and rejoiced to hear the news, that I almost ran the whole way to tell you.'

'So I am, Edward,' answered Marian, sobbing; 'but it's so sudden, so very sudden.'

'She'll be all right in a minute or two, Mr Hawthorn,' Nora said, looking up at him with an arch smile as she held Marian's hand in hers and bent over her to kiss her forehead. 'She's only taken aback a little at the suddenness of the surprise.—And now, Marian, we shall all be able actually to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer.'

Edward's heart smote him rather at the strange

way Marian had received the news that so greatly delighted him. It was very natural, after all, no doubt. Every girl feels the wrench of having to leave her father's house and her mother and her familiar surroundings. But still, he somehow felt vaguely within himself that it seemed like an evil omen for their future happiness in the Trinidad judgeship; and it dashed his joy not a little at the moment when his dearest hopes appeared just about to be so happily and successfully realised.

A WHALE-HUNT IN THE VARANGER FJORD.

BY A NORWEGIAN.

THERE seems, indeed, to be no limit to the part science is destined to play in the pursuits of man of late; but that it should lend a hand in killing the leviathans of the sea, would hardly have been credited a few years ago. This is, however, now a fact. Along the shores of Arctic Norway, in latitudes seventy to seventy-one degrees north, whale-hunting takes place annually by means of steamers and a cleverly contrived piece of ordnance. The steamers are seventy or eighty feet long, with very powerful engines, the number of vessels at present engaged in this pursuit being about thirty, most of which belong to the indefatigable hunter, Sven Foyn, of Tønsberg, the inventor of the gun, and originator of this important industry. The gun, which plays the leading part in the pursuit, is mounted on a platform in the prow of the vessel, so as to have an all-round range. A shaft is passed into the muzzle, leaving a small portion outside the nozzle, carrying four movable hooks pointing to the gun, and placed crosswise, each of the hooks being about eight inches long. In front of these, a large iron ball, or shell, with a steel point, is affixed, filled with an explosive substance. On the shaft runs an iron ring, to which a cable is attached about the thickness of a man's arm, which, when the shaft is inserted in the gun, is run up to the nozzle, and secured by a cord. When this terrible projectile is launched into the animal, the jerk of the rope is diminished by the cord holding the ring breaking, which latter thereby runs up to the top of the shaft. As soon as the animal feels the wound, it makes a sudden bound, whereby the hooks on the shaft spring into a horizontal position; by which action, again, through an ingenious piece of mechanism, the explosive in the shell is fired, and the latter bursts with such a force that death is almost instantaneous. This is Foyn's invention, on which he has spent large sums of money and many years of his life. It need hardly be said that the gun was, when first invented, not so perfect as at present; but Sven Foyn has gradually improved it.

The kinds of whales hunted in Finmarken belong to the family of 'fin'-whales, the largest of them all being the 'blue'-whale. The colour is bluish gray, lighter on the under side, with long white furrows or folds, the use of which to the animal, zoologists have not yet discovered. This whale lives, as far as we know, solely on 'krill,' a tiny crustacean, which also serves as food for the cod. It comes inshore in Finmarken towards the end of May, and again goes to sea

in the latter half of August, whence it is also called 'summer'-whale. It is generally this kind of whale which is seen by travellers to the North Cape. The next variety is the common fin-whale, which attains a length of sixty to seventy feet, is more slender in build than the other, black on the back, and light below. It moves very swiftly, and is probably found off the Norwegian coast all the year round. Its food is tiny fish and 'krill.' There are, besides these, two other varieties in the same seas, of which the largest is caught. Finally, there is the 'troll'-whale or 'humpback,' forty to fifty feet in length. It is exceedingly lively, and, when hotly pursued, shrieks and lashes the sea to froth with its tail. It is, however, not very common on the Norwegian coast.

It is generally believed that the whale, in spite of its enormous size, is timid and easily put to flight; but that this is not always the case, will be seen from some stories I was told of its stupidity or viciousness by the fishermen last summer. Several boats, they stated, have been struck or run down by whales, sometimes resulting in loss of life, in consequence of which they are not loved by these toilers of the deep. On one occasion, in May last, a whale was shot from one of the steamers, which, by taking refuge right under the stern of the vessel, succeeded in breaking the rope, as the captain was afraid of losing his screw, if moving. The whale, feeling free, took a few turns round the vessel, and then ran full tilt at the stern, with such a force, that the keel was bent for several yards, and screw and rudder carried away. Having thus satisfied its revenge, it made leisurely for the ocean.

With these preliminary observations, I will proceed to describe a whale-hunt on the shores of the Land of the Midnight Sun, according to my own experiences of this summer.

It is a lovely sunlit evening at the end of July, when we steam out from one of the pretty little fjords in the South Varanger. The air is clear and balmy, and the sea lies before us transparent as a mirror, dark green in colour. The mountains in the south stand out as though carved on the dark background, while their shapely cones are reflected in the mirror at their foot. Not a patch of snow or ice is seen anywhere. By degrees, the copse-covered hills and birch groves at the bottom of the fjord are lost in the distance, and through its mouth we behold the broad mighty Varanger fjord, the greatest in Northern Norway. To the north, the view is arrested by lofty mountains, enveloped in an azure veil; the sun is still high in the sky, though it is past eight o'clock; and to the west we look down into the Varanger fjord, where giant chains of sombre cones stand out in picturesque contrast to the view before us. To the east, there is but one view—sky and sea. We are on the confines of the great Arctic Ocean. Under these promising auspices, we anticipated a good and quick catch, as the whale has that feeling in common with man, that he loves sunshine and a calm sea. In such weather he comes inshore, gamboling in the sun's rays, whilst from time to time leisurely disposing of a few bushels of 'krill' for supper, before proceeding to sea for the night. (By-the-bye, when travelling for

pleasure in Arctic Norway, the period July-August should be chosen. True, one runs the risk of not seeing the midnight sun, which disappears in the latter half of July; but by way of recompense, there is no time of the year when nature in these regions stands forth in such colours as just then.) However, just now the Varanger seems rather out of temper; the weather thickens a little, and it begins to blow. No whale is in sight. A little while ago, there were a few 'puffs' down in the eastern horizon; but they are gone now; perhaps the supper has not been dainty or plentiful enough about us; there is neither whale nor bait to be seen. From time to time, a solitary seabird flits rapidly by, towards shore; he has been fetching his supper. Night slowly casts her veil over the ocean. We are soon far enough out; so the engines are ordered 'slow,' and everybody turns in who is not on the watch. We (officers and the writer) go aft to the captain's cabin, where we make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, in order to snatch a few moments of rest, in which we soon succeed, lulled to sleep by the gentle rippling of the icy arctic waves as they lick the sides of the vessel.

At first streak of dawn in the east we are called. There are whales about. The boilers are fired under; we turn out, and see at a great distance some 'puffs;' but the captain remarks that they are only a few making for the fjord. They are soon out of sight; it is no use attempting to follow them. We again lie down to rest, but in vain—sleep has fled. We dress, and breakfast is served. The steward appears with a steaming pot of coffee and fresh bread—a true luxury. On this occasion, there being a guest on board, we are also treated to real cream; but otherwise a substitute of preserved milk and sugar, of home manufacture, is served. The demands of the body being satisfied, the mind also craves sustenance, and a pipe soon makes it contented. The captain offers, indeed, a cigar; but a pipe is far preferable, and looks more 'ship-shape' too. Towards noon we are off Rybatschi-Polostrow (the fisherman's peninsula). The peninsula is very low and sandy; inland, we see a ridge of mountains; around us, thousands of seabirds whirl with plaintive cries; but no whale is seen. They are, however, generally plentiful here; at times, there are even enormous shoals of them, particularly when the fishing draws eastwards, as the bait is then found here, which is what the whale likes. But now, during the summer months, they are more scattered. It is already past the mid-day meal, and still we have seen nothing. We go below a little disappointed, whilst the steamer's course is shaped for Vardö. Since last night there has been blowing a stiff breeze, and the sea is in foam in some places. The waves increase in size, and the steamer begins to roll. The smoke and the rest below are of short duration, so we go again on deck to look for 'puffs.' Now and then, the ship heels over; a hoghead or two of water comes swishing over the port bow, but does no harm, as we are dressed in sailor's boots, a thick coat, and sou'-wester. I stare till I am tired at the green sea and the foam-crested waves, as they come rolling towards the vessel. My

face becomes coated with a layer of salt, which settles there, when the foam of the waves is swept on board, as the ship plunges into the trough of the sea. If not accustomed to the arctic sea-air, one soon gets frightfully tired, and is obliged to rest, so, after being on the watch for a while, I went below and lay down. Soon sleep irresistibly overpowers me, thoughts become dreams, while the rolling of the ship feels like the gentle swing in a hammock; in fact, I am fast asleep, when a voice thunders down the companion: 'Turn out—whales in sight!' I jump up with a start, unable at first to remember where I am; but soon the consciousness of being on a whale-hunt becomes clear, and I rush on deck, fearing to lose any part of the grand spectacle.

What a change! Now, every wave has a snow-white cap; they tower high on all sides, and the vessel is tossed to and fro like a toy. Gulls and teistes sweep rapidly along the furrows between the waves, rise nearly perpendicularly as the wave breaks, and, just clearing the comb, dive into the next watery valley. 'Look, look, what a tremendous puff!' 'That's a big one,' 'Look, look—puff, puff!' 'There are a good many here.'

We are in the middle of a flock of the giants of the sea. The enormous brown and blue bodies rise out of the sea; the back is bent upwards—it looks like the bottom of a capsized ship; it disappears; but the sea becomes almost calm where the whale went down, and several minutes elapse before the waves are able to conquer the calm. From time to time, deep dull snorts are heard, thundering and trembling, as if the deepest strings of a dozen double-basses were being played down below; and at others, a sharp swishing sound like an enormous fountain suddenly set to play, and a column of crystal spray ascends some thirty feet into the air. The gigantic, glistening body appears on the surface; the back is bent upwards a second, and it again disappears. It looks as if the whale was warm and comfortable enough; the sea-water, to us looking so cold, plays pleasantly around it; hot steam issues from its dilated nostrils, and it seems like a man enjoying a refreshing morning dip.

During the last quarter of an hour we have seen some forty whales; but none has come within range. The gun has no certainty much beyond thirty yards, so that the whale must be nearly under the ship's bow when firing. As we stand looking at this magnificent spectacle, the water close round the ship suddenly becomes light green in colour and somewhat calm. Then a deep heavy thunder; the ship trembles from stem to stern; a great column of dampness is shot into the air, drenching us all, a dull snort, and an enormous blue-whale rises out of the sea a few yards on our starboard side. Now the captain will fire, we think, involuntarily holding on to the wire-rigging; but Foyn stands by his gun without making the least movement, and the next second the whale again descends into its watery home. The range was probably not a good one. A few minutes after, the same thunder, the same sensation, the same column, and the same snort—another whale appears close on the port side. The captain turns the gun,

whilst we watch with beating hearts the movements of the animal as well as his own. Every second seems an eternity. He raises the gun, aims. Alas! a heavy sea strikes the vessel, heels her over; the gun is lowered, but the whale is gone. They seem all to have disappeared now, not a puff to be seen. We stand and talk about the incident, and somebody suggests to go aft and 'have a smoke;' when suddenly two whales are seen some distance off, now going side by side, now behind each other. The helm is turned, and we follow them in hot haste through wind and waves. A complete silence reigns on board during the pursuit, only now and then broken by the captain's short words of command, who stands calmly watching the animals. Now the vessel heels over—the whales are within range. 'Stop,' sounds in the engine-room. But the speed was too great, and we shoot past them. 'Full speed ahead,' sounds again. 'Two men at the helm!' The vessel turns swiftly, and we separate the couple. The whales disappear. We follow the direction they are taking, and look!—a little before us the sea becomes emerald green. 'Slow,' again. The vessel moves slowly forward, and the whale reappears twenty yards off. 'Stop,' shouts the captain. The gun is turned, raised, and again lowered—not a sound is heard on board—the whale has puffed—the back is bending; the captain aims—and a thundering report rends the air, and makes the vessel tremble in every section. We have watched all this with every nerve strained, and hardly feel the icy foam of the sea which bedews the cheek and benumbs the hands.

'Did you hit him?' we shout to the captain.

'Don't know,' is the laconic answer. 'Almost absurd to attempt it in such a sea; one risks losing the gear and frightening the whale.'

In the meantime all the crew are busy clearing the line of the harpoon, and we are still in doubt whether we have hit him; but the suspense does not last long, as immediately a 'Look out!' is shouted by the captain, and the line runs out with terrific speed and a great noise. 'Full speed ahead,' is shouted below; but the ship is running double her highest speed, such is the strength of the whale which has her in tow. The animal is fleeing at the top of its speed, and we follow right through the breaking seas. Ten minutes pass by—they seem ten hours—when suddenly a blood-streaked column of water is seen on the horizon. It is our whale! Another moment, and a clear one is seen. It is his companion, which follows her wounded mate. Both go down; the line does not run out so fast; the wounded whale appears once or twice more, when he sinks. The whale is dead. After a while, the hauling-in begins very carefully, and finally the great body rises to the surface, the ship heeling over. After a few hours' hard work in securing the monster to the vessel with chains and ropes, the course is shaped for home.

'What do you think of it, captain?' I ask.

'Not bad,' he answers simply.—'Steward, give the crew a drink all round! And let us have something to eat.'

The whale measured more than eighty feet in length.

Once more his widowed mate takes a turn

round the ship, when she stands out to sea; whilst we, with our noble spoil in tow, slowly make for the whale-station in South Varanger.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER III.

MR CARVER of Bedford Row, in the county of Middlesex, was exercised in his mind; and the most annoying part of it was that he was so exercised at his own trouble and expense; that is to say, he was not elucidating some knotty legal point at the charge of a client, but he was speculating over one of the most extraordinary events that had ever happened to him in the whole course of his long and honourable career. The matter stood briefly thus: His client, Charles Morton, of Eastwood, Somersetshire, died on the 9th of April in the year of grace 1882. On the 1st of May 1880, Mr Carver had made the gentleman's will, which left all his possessions, to the amount of some forty thousand pounds, to his niece, Eleanor Attewood. Six months later, Mr Morton's half-sister, Miss Wakefield, took up her residence at Eastwood, and from that time everything had changed. Eleanor had married the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and at the instigation of his half-sister, Mr Morton had disinherited his niece; and one year before he died, had made a fresh will, leaving everything to Miss Wakefield. Mr Carver, be it remarked, strongly objected to this injustice, seeing the baleful influence which had brought it about; and had he been able to find Eleanor, he hoped to alter the unjust state of things. But she disappeared with her husband, and left no trace behind her; so the obnoxious will was proved.

Then came the most extraordinary part of the affair. With the exception of a few hundreds in the bank at Eastwood, for household purposes, not a single penny of Mr Morton's money could be found. All his property was mortgaged to a high amount; all his securities were disposed of, and not one penny could be traced. The mortgages on the property were properly drawn up by a highly respectable solicitor at Eastwood, the money advanced by a man of undoubted probity; and further, the money had been paid over to Mr Morton one day early in the year 1883. Advertisements were inserted in the papers, in fact everything was done to trace the missing money, but in vain. All Miss Wakefield had for her pains and trouble was a poor sum of about eleven hundred pounds, so she had to retire again to her genteel poverty in a cheap London boarding-house.

This melancholy fact did not give Mr Carver any particular sorrow; he disliked that lady, and was especially glad that her deep cunning and underhand ways had frustrated themselves. In all probability, he thought, Mr Morton had in a fit of suspicion got hold of all his ready cash and securities, for the purpose of balking the fair lady whom he had made his heiress; but nevertheless the affair was puzzling, and Mr Carver hated to be puzzled.

Mr Carver stood in his office in Bedford Row, drumming his fingers on the grimy window-panes

and softly whistling. Nothing was heard in the office but the scratch of the confidential clerk's quill pen as he scribbled out a draft for his employer's inspection.

'This is a very queer case, Bates, very queer,' said Mr Carver, addressing his clerk.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr Bates, continuing the scratching. That gentleman possessed the instinct of always being able to divine what his chief was thinking of. Therefore, when Mr Bates said 'Yes, sir,' he knew that the Eastwood mystery had been alluded to.

'I'd most cheerfully give—let me see, what would I give? Well, I wouldn't mind paying down my cheque for'—

'One thousand pounds, sir. No, sir; I don't think you would.'

'You're a wonderful fellow, Bates,' said his admiring master. 'Pon my honour, Bates, that's the exact sum I was going to mention.'

'It is strange, sir,' said the imperturbable Bates, 'that you and I always think the same things. I suppose it is being with you so long. Now, if I was to think you would give me a partnership, perhaps you would think the same thing too.'

'Bates,' said Mr Carver earnestly, never smiling, as was his wont, at his clerk's quiet badinage, 'if we unravel this mystery, as I hope we may, I'll tell you what, Bates, don't be surprised if I give you a partnership.'

'Ah, sir, if we unravel it. Now, if we could only find'—

'Miss Eleanor. Just what I was thinking.'

At this moment a grimy clerk put his head in at the door.

'Please, sir, a young person of the name of Seaton.'

'It is Miss Eleanor, by Jove!' said Bates, actually excited.

'Wonderful!' said Mr Carver.

In a few seconds the lady was ushered into the presence of Mr Carver. She was tall and fair, with a style of beauty uncommon to the people of to-day. Clad from head to foot in plain black, hat, jacket, and dress cut with a simplicity almost severe, and relieved only by a white collar at the throat, there was something in her air and bearing which spoke of a culture and breeding not easily defined in words, but nevertheless unmistakable. It was a face and figure that men would look at and turn again to watch, even in the busy street. Her complexion was almost painfully perfect in its clear pallid whiteness, and the large dark lustrous eyes shone out from the marble face with dazzling brightness. She had a perfect abundance of real golden hair, looped up in a great knot behind; but the rebellious straying tresses fell over her broad low forehead like an aureole round the head of a saint.

For a few moments she regarded Mr Carver with a faint, wavering, unsteady smile. That gentleman tried to speak, and then blew his nose with unnecessary and ostentatious violence.

'Don't you know me, Mr Carver?' she said at length.

'My dear Eleanor, my dear Eleanor, do sit down!' This was the person whom he had been longing for two years to see, and Mr Carver, cool as he was, was rather knocked off his balance for a moment.

'Poor child! Why, why didn't you come and see me before?'

'Pride, Mr Carver—pride,' she replied, with a painful air of assumed playfulness.

'But surely pride did not prevent your coming to see your old friend?'

'Indeed, it did, Mr Carver. You would not have me part with one of my few possessions?'

'Nonsense, nonsense!' said the lawyer, with assumed severity. 'Now, sit down there, and tell me everything you have done for the last two years.'

'It is soon told. When my uncle—poor deluded man—turned me, as he did, out of his house on account of my marriage, something had to be done; so we came to London. For two years my husband has been trying to earn a living by literature. Far better had he stayed in the country and taken to breaking stones or working in the fields. It is a bitter life, Mr Carver. The man who wants to achieve fortune that way must have a stout heart; he must be devoid of pride and callous to failure. If I had all the eloquence of a Dickens at my tongue's end, I could not sum up two years' degradation and bitter miserable poverty and disappointment better than in the few words, "Trying to live by literature."—However, it is useless to struggle against it any longer. Mr Carver, sorely against my inclination, I have come to you to help us.'

'My dear child, you hurt me,' said Mr Carver huskily, 'you hurt me; you do indeed. For two years I have been searching for you everywhere. You have only to ask me, and you know anything I can do.'

'God bless you,' replied Eleanor, with the gathering tears thick in her eyes. 'I know you will. I knew that when I came here. How can I thank you?'

'Don't do anything of the sort; I don't want any thanks. But before you go, I will do something for you. Now, listen to me. Before your uncle died'—

'Died! Is he dead?'

'How stupid of me. I didn't know'—

Mr Carver stopped abruptly, and paused till the natural emotions called forth in the young lady's mind had had time to expend themselves. She then asked when the event had happened.

'Two years ago,' said Mr Carver. 'And now, tell me—since you last saw him, had you any word or communication from him in any shape or form? Any letter or message?'

Eleanor shook her head, half sadly, half scornfully.

'You don't seem to know Miss Wakefield,' she said. 'No message was likely to reach me, while she remained at Eastwood.'

'No; I suppose not. So you have heard nothing? Very good. Now, a most wonderful thing has happened. When your uncle died and his will came to be read, he had left everything to Miss Wakefield. No reason to tell you that, I suppose? Now comes the strangest part of the story. With the exception of a few hundreds in the local bank, not a penny can be found. All the property has been mortgaged to the uttermost farthing; all the stock is sold out; and, in fact, nothing is left but Eastwood, which, as you know, is a small place, and not

worth much. We have been searching for two years, and not a trace can we find.'

'Perhaps Miss Wakefield is hiding the plunder away,' Eleanor suggested with some indifference.

'Impossible,' eagerly exclaimed Mr Carver—'impossible. What object could she have in doing so? The money was clearly left to her; and it is not likely that a woman so fond of show would deliberately choose to spend her life in a dingy lodging-house.'

'And Eastwood?'

'Is empty. It will not let, neither can we sell it.'

'So Miss Wakefield is no better off than she was four years ago!' Eleanor said calmly. 'Come, Mr Carver, that is good news, at anyrate. It almost reconciles me to my position.'

'Nelly, I wish you would not speak so,' said Mr Carver seriously. 'It hurts me. You were not so hard at one time.'

'Forgive me, my dear old friend,' she replied simply. 'Only consider what a life we have been leading for the past two years, and you will understand.'

'And your husband?'

'Killing himself,' she said; 'wearing out body and soul in one long struggle for existence. It hurts me to see him. Always hoping, and always working, always smiling and cheerful before me; and ever the best of men and husbands. Dear friend, if you knew what he is to me, and saw him as I do day after day, literally wearing out, you would consider my seeming hardness pardonable. I am rebellious, you know.'

'No, no,' said Mr Carver, a suspicious gleam behind his spectacles; 'I can understand it. The only thing I blame you for is that you did not come to me before. You know what a lonely old bachelor I am, and how—how rich I am. It would have been a positive kindness of you to come and see me.—Now, listen. On Sunday, you and your husband must come and dine with me. You know the old Russell Square address?'

'God bless you for a true friend!' said Eleanor, her tears flowing freely now. 'We will come; and I may bring my little girl with me?'

'Eh, what?' replied the lawyer—'little girl? Of course, of course! Then we will talk over old times, and see what can be done to make those cheeks look a little like they used to do.—So you have got a little girl, have you? Dear, dear, how the time goes!—Now, tell me candidly, do you want any assistance—any, ah—that is—a little—in short, money?'

Eleanor coloured to the roots of her hair, and was about to reply hastily, but said nothing.

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Carver rapidly.—'I think, Bates'—

But Mr Bates already had his hand on the cheque-book, and commenced to fill in the date. Mr Carver gave him a look of approbation, and flashed him a sign with his fingers signifying the amount.

'I suppose you have some friends?' he continued hastily, to cover Eleanor's confusion. 'It's a poor world that won't stand one good friend.'

'Yes, we have one,' replied Eleanor, her face lighting up with a tender glow—'a good friend.

You have heard of Jasper Felix the author? He is far the best friend we have.'

'Heard of Felix! I should think I have. Read every one of his books. I am glad to hear of his befriending you. I knew the man who writes as he does must have a noble heart.'

'He has. What we should have done without his assistance, I shudder to contemplate. I honestly believe that not one of my husband's literary efforts would have been accepted, had it not been for him.'

'I can't help thinking, Nelly, that there is a providence in these things, and I feel that better days are in store for you. Anyway, it won't be my fault if it is not so. I have a presentiment that things will come out all right in the end, and I fancy that your uncle's fortune is hidden away somewhere; and if it is hidden away, it must be, I cannot help thinking, for your benefit.'

'Don't count upon it, Mr Carver,' said Eleanor calmly. 'I look upon the money as gone.'

'Nonsense!' said that gentleman cheerfully; 'while there is life there is hope. I begin to feel that I am playing a leading character in a romance; I do, indeed! Firstly, your uncle dies, and his fortune is lost; secondly, you disappear; and at the very moment I am longing—literally longing—to see you, you turn up. Now, all that remains is to find the hidden treasure, and to be happy ever afterwards, like the people in a fairy tale.'

'Always enthusiastic,' laughed Eleanor. 'All we have to do is to discover a mystic clue to a buried chest of diamonds, only we lack the clue.'

'Pon my word, my dear, do you know I really think you have hit it?' replied Mr Carver with great solemnity. 'Now, at the time you left Eastwood, your companion Margaret was in the house; and after your uncle's death, she disappeared. From a little hint Miss Wakefield dropped to me, your old friend was in the sick-room alone with your uncle the day he died.'

'Alone? and then disappeared,' said Eleanor, all trace of apathy gone, and her eyes shining with interest.

'Alone. Now, if we could only find Margaret Boulton'—

Eleanor rose from her seat, and approached Mr Carver slowly. Then she said calmly: 'There is no difficulty about that; she is at my house now. I found her only last night on Waterloo Bridge—in fact, I saved her.'

'Saved her? Didn't I say there was a providence in it? Saved her?'

'From suicide!'

A quarter of an hour later, Eleanor was standing outside Mr Carver's office, evidently seeking a companion. From the bright flush on her face and the sparkle in her eyes, hope—and a strong hope—had revived. She stood there, quite unconscious of the admiration of passers-by, sweeping the street in search of her quest. Presently the object she was seeking came in view. He was a tall man, of slight figure, with blue eyes deeply sunk in a face far from handsome, but full of intellectual power and great character; a heavy, carelessly trimmed moustache hid a sensitive mouth, but did not disguise a bright

smile. That face and figure was a famous one in London, and people there turned in the busy street to watch Jasper Felix, and admire his rugged powerful face and gaunt figure. He came swinging down the street now with firm elastic step, and treated Eleanor to one of his brightest smiles.

'Did you think I had forgotten you?' he said. 'I have been prowling about Gray's Inn Road, for, sooth to say, the air of Bedford Row does not agree with me.'

'I hope I have not detained you,' said Eleanor timidly; 'I know how valuable your time is to you.'

'My dear child, don't mention it,' replied the great novelist lightly; 'my time has been well occupied. First, I have been watching a fight between two paviors. Do you know it is quite extraordinary how those powerful men can knock each other about without doing much harm. Then I have been having a long chat with an intellectual chimney-sweep—a clever man, but a great Radical. I have spent quite an enjoyable half-hour.'

'A half-hour! Have I been so long? Mr Felix, I am quite horrified at having taken up so much of your time.'

'Awful, isn't it,' he laughed lightly. 'Well, you won't detain me much longer, for here you are close at home.—Now, I will just run into Fleet Street on my own business, and try and sell this little paper of your husband's at the same time. I'll call in this afternoon; only, mind, you must look as happy as you do now.'

Jasper Felix made his way through a court into Holborn, and along that busy thoroughfare till he turned down Chancery Lane. Crossing the street by the famous *Griffin*, he disappeared in one of the interminable courts leading out of Samuel Johnson's favourite promenade, Fleet Street. The object of his journey was here. On the door-plate was the inscription, 'The *Midas Magazine*,' and beneath the legend, 'First Floor.' Ascending the dingy stair, he stopped opposite a door on which, in white letters, was written the word 'Editor.' At this door he knocked. It was not the timid rap of a literary aspirant, but the important tap of a man who knew that he was welcome. Without pausing for a reply, he pushed open the door.

'How de do, Simpson?' said Mr Felix, with a look of amusement in his blue eyes.

'Glad to see you, Felix,' said the editor of the *Midas* cordially. 'I thought you had forgotten us. I hope you have something for our journal in your pocket.'

'I have something in my pocket to show you,' answered Felix, 'and I think you will appreciate it.'

'Is it something of your own?' queried the man of letters.

'No, it is not; and, what is more, I doubt if I could write anything so good myself. I know when you have seen it, you will accept it.'

'Um! I don't know,' replied the editor dubiously. 'You see, I am simply inundated with amateur efforts. Of course, sometimes I get something good; but usually— Now, if the matter in discussion was a manuscript of your own'—

'Now, seriously, Simpson, what do you care for me or anything of mine? It is the name you want, not the work. You know well enough what sells magazines of the *Midas* type. It is not so much the literary matter as the name. The announcement that the next month's *Midas* will contain the opening chapters of a new serial by some one with a name, is quite sufficient to increase your circulation by hundreds.'

'Pon my honour, you're very candid,' rejoined Mr Simpson. 'But what is this wonderful production you have?'

'Well, I'll leave it with you. You need not trouble to read it, because, if you don't take it, I know who will.'

'What do you want for this triumph of genius?'

'Well, in a word, ten pounds. Take it or leave it.'

'If you say it is worth it, I suppose I must oblige you.'

'That is a good way of putting it; and it will oblige me. But mark me—this man will some day confer favours by writing for you, instead of, as you regard it at present, favouring him.'

The proprietor of the *Midas* sighed gently. The idea of paying over ten pounds to an unknown contributor was not nice, but the fact of offending Felix was worse.

'If,' said he, harping on the old string, and shaking his head with a gentle deprecating motion—'if it was one of yours now—'

'What confounded nonsense you talk!' exclaimed Felix impatiently.

'Don't get wild, Felix,' replied Mr Simpson soothingly. 'I will take your protégé's offering, to oblige you.'

'But I don't want you to oblige me. I want you to accept—and pay for—an article good enough for anything. It is a fair transaction; and if there is any favour about it, then it certainly is not on your side.'

Mr Simpson showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile. 'Well, Felix, I do admire your assurance,' he said loftily. 'I never heard the matter put in that light before. My contributors, as a rule, don't point their manuscript at my head metaphorically, and demand speedy insertion and prompt pay.—Do you want a cheque for this manuscript now?'

'Yes, you may as well give me the cash now.'

Mr Simpson drew a cheque for the desired amount, and passed it over to Felix, who folded the pink slip and placed it in his pocket; whereupon the conversation drifted into other channels.

REVOLUTION BELOW-STAIRS.

THE relations of employer and employed in private life and in public are in a state of transition. The foundations of society itself are undergoing drastic modifications, which will either sap or enhance its strength. The air is charged with reform in every department of social life. The very conditions of existence are more or less in the crucible. The connection between man and man, between woman and man, between man and the State, or woman and the State, are every one of them passing through an ordeal of stringent examination. In no direction

is the old order of things vanishing more rapidly than in the household. The relations of mistress and maid are not to-day what they were yesterday, or what they will be to-morrow. A hundred years ago, servants were more part and parcel of the establishment than they are now. They entered a family, in the majority of cases, whilst they were young, and marriage or death was the only cause of separation in general. It never occurred to the domestic of the past to 'give notice,' any more than it occurred to the mistress to dismiss her servants, on the slightest provocation.

We need not travel far to ascertain what are the agencies which have wrought the change. The same influences which are every day giving the working classes increased power have affected in at least an equally pronounced degree the domestic employee. In 1886, the footman or the housemaid, the butler or the cook, is perhaps as well educated as were many heads of households in 1786. If the upper classes are now more cultured than they were in the olden days, so are the lower classes. Advertising mediums, cheapness and ease of locomotion, and the ever-spreading education of the masses, were boons undreamed of by the 'Jeames' whom Thackeray portrayed. Before these results of our progress were realised, the sphere within which the energies of servants found play was exceedingly limited. Beyond the locality in which they lived and the immediate circle of their master's acquaintances, the world was to them little more than a blank and a mystery. To-day, they are nearly as familiar with the world as are their masters.

The sooner this is understood and appreciated, the better for the peace and stability of households. It is an invariable rule that the most contented homes are those in which the servant is treated with the greatest respect. Servants must be servants. No one but a lunatic would suggest that they had any right to enter the drawing-room or the dining-room on a footing of equality with its owner. But not less idiotic is it to imagine that they will much longer consent to be regarded as only one degree removed from the beast of burden. Their opportunities for acquiring knowledge are so manifold that it would be wonderful if this were not the case. Ladies and gentlemen sitting round their table are apt to forget that the man or maid waiting upon them has ears, and that their comments on life and the way the world is wagging, cannot fail to excite attention on the part of the domestic. Topics thrashed out in the dining-room or drawing-room are frequently carried below-stairs, and there subjected to a similar process, though it may be on very different lines. The result, equally with that of love as defined by Kenelm Chillingly, must inevitably be 'a disturbance of the mental equilibrium.'

The unrest which characterises society itself characterises every section of the community. To 'better' themselves is the lifelong aim of servants in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Good servants are already at a premium. The complaint is constantly made that whilst domestics are more independent than of yore, their

work is less carefully attended to. Those who understand the forces at work in our midst have no difficulty in recognising that, as time goes on, first-class servants will become rarer still. Preposterous as it may seem, this phenomenon is only another phase of the 'social status' question. There is, quite without reason, attaching to service a certain disposition on the part of many of our domestics to resent the washing-up of dishes or the cleaning of a floor.

The rule is not, of course, absolute, and there are many really good servants who enter a family and stay in it a number of years. But the tendency of the period is nomadic. In some quarters, there is a disposition to account for the perpetual changing of servants on the ground that servants love change. This is not altogether accurate. Many dislike nothing so much as fresh faces and fresh work, and are by no means eager to enter upon the duties of their new home. Others, however, leave one situation with the express hope that they may never enter another, and if employment of a different kind offers, eagerly avail themselves of it, albeit generally to their own disadvantage. Thousands of young men and women in every way qualified for service are swamping many callings. Milliners, dressmakers, clerks, shop-assistants—what a host might be found in the ranks of these who would constitute first-class recruits for private service! It is a fact, that whilst their numbers are on the increase, the numbers of domestics are almost stationary. During the decade 1871 to 1881, the census proved that indoor servants had increased by only one per cent., and consequently, proportionately to the increase of population, were scarcer in 1881 than ten years before. On the other hand, clerks had doubled; milliners had increased by nearly nineteen per cent.; dressmakers, by nearly eight per cent.; and seamstresses, by over five per cent.

These figures afford food for reflection. A large proportion of the young men and women to whom they refer are earning barely enough to keep body and soul together. In most cases they are a load upon the shoulders of their friends. For some months of the year the majority are without work. When they are in work, their money will never more than cover immediate wants. Would they not be better off beneath the gentleman's roof with regular food and regular money? No one who knows anything at all about them will hesitate for a moment to reply in the affirmative. 'Why, then,' it will be, and often is asked, 'do they not go into service?' It would be found that if they applied for a situation in the household to-morrow, they would want to become ladies'-maids or valets. This disposition is to be explained on two grounds. First, exceptional privileges attach to the personal attendant; secondly, the lower grades of the domestic calling are still regarded with the feelings to which George Eliot gave expression in her dissertation on servants' logic. The ordinary servant is too frequently and often unjustly branded with the mark of servility and ignorance not only among the upper classes, but to some extent among the industrial classes. To be 'only a servant' is, in the society in which the artisan or the clerk moves, to be entitled to less consideration than is given to those who

follow a more independent calling. Just as it is the genius of the stage who alone is recognised in the best society, so it is only a few servants who have the power of impressing those with whom they come in contact with their worth, who secure friends outside the domestic circle.

The growing antipathy to service is a sign of the times which has to be reckoned with. Nor is this wonderful. No class of the community are kept to so perpetual a round of labour as the domestic servant. With the exception of an occasional afternoon or evening—often it is not more than once in a fortnight—those who live below-stairs rarely have an hour which they can call entirely their own. They may perhaps frequently have an opportunity of getting through their work early in the day, but they must not leave the house till they have asked permission. Again, they may stay in the same family for many years. But what do they gain by it? There is in England no such recognition of long and faithful service as exists in Germany. Seven years ago, the Empress of the Fatherland instituted a Long Service Order, and since that time many hundreds of domestic servants who have lived with the same master and mistress for forty years, have received from royalty diplomas and golden crosses.

Is such an Order impossible in Great Britain? Could we not modify and adapt it to ourselves? If a person is to work well for any length of time, some motive must be found. Why should not a system of rewards be adopted? No one can doubt that if a lady, when engaging a domestic, said, 'Supposing you stay with me and perform your duties to the best of your ability for ten years, I will, in consideration thereof, present you at the termination of your engagement with twenty-five pounds,' the effect would be beneficial. On condition of being assured that the money was safe, many servants, for the sake of the bonus, would consent to accept lesser wages than they receive at present. Even though the plan now suggested cost a few pounds more than would be spent under existing circumstances, would not the freedom from worry and anxiety be ample compensation? The outlay, however, would probably amount to little more than is now expended in advertising, in paying fares to and from the house for the purpose of interviews, and in various other ways incidental to the constantly recurring necessity of engaging servants.

Further, there can be no reason why mistresses should not agree to let each of their servants have a certain number of hours during the week which they may consider their own. The one drawback to service, in the eyes of many who would be better-off in service than they are now, is, that they cannot have the evenings which at present are at their disposal. If the housewife gives the matter a little thought, she will see that this is an enigma the solution of which is not impracticable. The future must be pregnant with reform in the relations between the occupants of the drawing-room and of the servants' hall. If masters and mistresses are wise, they will rob the revolutionary spirit of the age of any force it may have, by anticipating in a generous and liberal-handed manner

claims which, if ignored, may result in a condition of things as undesirable as that which to-day obtains in Australia, where servants, at least as they are known in the old country, are non-existent.

A SUBAQUEOUS EXCURSION.

OUR good-fortune in obtaining permission to descend a caisson of the gigantic Forth Bridge—which when completed will be one of the most stupendous railway viaducts in the world—obtained additional zest from the fact that comparatively few structures are founded on what is termed the pneumatic principle in this country—the employment of compressed air being more in vogue on the continent—and still fewer are open to the passing visitor, uninfluenced alike by professional or scientific ardour.

Arrived at North Queensferry, on the Fife side of the Firth of Forth, we embark for the island in mid-channel, and rounding the easternmost promontory of the rock, see before us a huge iron cylinder, which, but for the incongruity of its position, we should take for a gasometer, and not a caisson. We land, and are forthwith marshalled to the dressing-room. Leathern caps and garments of a sombre blue hue are donned, and we are ready to descend. Before, however, proceeding, a brief outline of the working of a caisson, the end in view, and the means adopted in the attainment of that end, may be given, which will enable the reader to follow our movements.

Over the site of the proposed pier, a large circular cylinder is sunk, which rests on the rock-bottom, and has its upper edge slightly above high water. A horizontal floor divides the cylinder into two chambers. The lower chamber, seven feet in height, is charged with compressed air by machinery situated on shore, and connected with it by flexible hose. The air under pressure excludes the water, enabling workmen to descend into the lower chamber—which is, in fact, a large diving-bell—and to excavate the rock on which the caisson rests. The excavated material is drawn up in buckets or 'skips' and thrown over, whilst the caisson gradually descends by its own weight until a level bed is formed. The upper and lower chambers of the caisson are then filled with concrete, and this circular monolithic foundation carries the granite pier on which rests the steel superstructure. A tube, connecting the air-chamber below with an air-lock on the upper platform of the caisson, gives access to the working beneath. In principle, the air-lock of a caisson in no way differs from the well-known lock on a canal. The air-lock is formed by a tube of larger diameter, which surrounds the upper end of the vertical tube leading to the air-chamber.

Having entered this outer chamber, the door is closed behind us, and our connection with the outer world severed. A cock is turned, and with a steady hiss, the compressed air enters, a fact of which we soon become painfully conscious by the pressure that is brought to bear upon the drum of the ear. We follow the directions previously given us, and by copiously swallowing the compressed air and forcing it into the ears, with closed nostrils, we equalise the pressure on both

sides of the drums, and succeed in accommodating ourselves to the novel atmospheric conditions. The inrush of compressed air at length ceases; and the pressure being now equal in the outer chamber—in which we are—and the internal tube, the door between them opens without difficulty. We enter, and descending a vertical ladder some ninety feet, we find ourselves in the air-chamber, and standing on the solid rock-bed of the Firth of Forth fifty feet below water-level. The scene is as striking as it is novel. A circular iron chamber, seventy feet in diameter and seven feet high, brilliantly illuminated by arc-lights suspended from the roof. Groups of foreign workmen—enlisted for this service, owing to continental experience in this class of work—are busily engaged in levelling the surface of the rock. The majority of these men wield pick and bar; whilst others fill the iron tubs or 'skips' with the fragments of rock, which are then drawn to the surface, passing through a lock similar in principle, though differing slightly in design from that we have ourselves traversed; and having discharged their contents over the edge of the caisson, return for another load.

We would fain linger amid a scene so weird and wonderful; but time fails, and we must return to 'bank.' We take a last look at the air-chamber with its busy occupants, and ascending the ladder, not without exertion, for a vertical ladder at all times calls muscle into play, and the pressure we are under by no means lightens our labours, we find ourselves again in the air-lock. The reverse process now takes place. The inner door is closed, the compressed air is allowed to escape from the outer chamber in which we now are, and causes a thick mist, cold and chilly. Before long, the pressure ceases; the outer door opens, and we again tread terra firma. The pressure-gauge records thirty pounds per square inch.

We now discard our exploring garments, and having enjoyed a not unneedful wash, we quit the works, and returning homewards, congratulate each other on having trodden the very foundations of the wonderful Forth Bridge, and ponder how little the future traveller, as he lightly skims the estuary at sixty miles an hour, will think of the practical ingenuity and patient labour that wrought, deep down beneath the waters of the Forth, the foundations on which repose the huge structures through which the flying express is whirling him.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BORAX.

WE learn from a contemporary a good deal that is interesting about the history and preparation for the market of the borax of commerce. In 1874 Mr A. Robottom, prospecting for commercial purposes some of the vast tracts of unoccupied land in Southern California, came across a long deep valley, about fifteen by eight miles, which was apparently the basin, or series of basins, of once active volcanoes. This valley was covered with crude borates, combined with earthy impurities. The heat was oppressive, one hundred and nineteen degrees in the shade; and the atmosphere so dry, that even breathing was difficult. At this time, the explorer's attention

was drawn to a dark object lying upon the ground, upon which he seated himself, and found it was a dead horse. He was naturally surprised that no smell emanated from the carcase, and taking out his knife, he cut to the bones, only to find that the flesh was quite sweet. The explanation of this was that the boron from the boracic land had saturated it thoroughly. He learned afterwards that the carcase of this horse had lain there for seven months, having been left by a party of emigrants. The remarkable antiseptic powers of boron in its crude state having thus been proved to him, he took over this Boron Valley for the State of California, and arranged with a Company in England to make it available for commercial purposes.

As it reaches this country, Californian borax, after being freed from its earthy elements at the Borax Lake, is put up in small bags, and consists of pure white crystals, which are crushed into a fine, white, almost palpable powder in the factories. After undergoing various processes, it comes out eventually to the outside world as borax extract of soap, borax dry soap, washing-powders, &c. In one factory, over thirty-seven million of packets are turned out annually. This prepared Californian borax is used in the laundry, for washing cattle, for helping to heal wounds, and many other household purposes. Its virtues in preventing decomposition in hams and salted meats are also well known. Water containing one per cent. of borax will keep pure and sweet for years, and remain safe for drinking.

The soap prepared with borax, however, has been thought by some to have a more corrosive influence on fibres than common soap. In Belgium, powdered borax is used for washing purposes, with a view to economise soap; while in Sweden, meat and milk are largely preserved by means of boracic acid, its use in no way rendering these viands less wholesome. It is also valuable for hard soldering, and is in use for pottery glazes and enamels.

In addition to the natural supply of crude borax already mentioned, this substance is largely made from boracic or boric acid, found among the matters ejected around the craters of volcanoes. Works for utilising and preparing it exist in the Maremma of Tuscany, where the acid is condensed from the boiling springs and heated gases issuing from fissures in the rocks. It is also found in Central Asia, Canada, Peru, and in Nevada, United States.

AMERICANISMS.

The *Globe*, in an article by an 'American Journalist,' says: 'The opportunity may here be taken to gently suggest that the word Yankee is very often misapplied on this side of the Atlantic. It is a genuine American word, but it only applies to the inhabitants of a certain part of the big Republic. A stranger in the States describing an inhabitant of Cincinnati, or St Louis, or Richmond, Virginia, as a Yankee, would stand a good chance of a broken head, or even worse. As a matter of fact, the Yankees are the people who inhabit the New England States, and the title is considered a term of reproach, not to say insult, by all others. This, however, is all by the way. There are three terms very often quoted as American "slang,"

which possess certain peculiarities of locality. These are "guess," "calculate," and "reckon." One may travel through what are known as the Southern States for five years and never once hear either of the first two words, unless spoken by a Northerner or a man from the West. The Southerners "reckon" everything, except, perhaps, consequences, and they are left to take care of themselves. "Guess" is more or less universal in the States, and "calculate" is common only to the North and extreme East. "Stranger" is frequently erroneously used by English writers and speakers as an ordinary colloquialism of all Americans. It is the property of the South and South-west only, and even there is rapidly becoming obsolete. But to these expressions it is hardly fair to append the stigma of "slang." Now there are plenty of slang words and phrases in vogue in America which probably are meaningless to English minds. A lady has purchased an article for considerably more than its value; she shows it to her husband, proclaiming its beauty and cheapness. He, seeing that she has been overcharged, endeavours to persuade her that such is the case, vainly, for she is quite satisfied with her bargain. "All right," says he; "it's not my funeral." This is slang, pure and simple, but it has a derivation. It is an unintentional protest against the elaborate obsequial ceremonies indulged in by all classes in the United States, and it is a grim reference to one of those not unfrequent "shindies" that take place in Western bar-rooms, from which the men who escape with whole skins have reason to thank their stars that "it is not their funeral." Many are the political and party expressions which may well come under the head of slang terms, such as "log-rolling," "the bloody shirt"—a reference to the late civil war—"mugwumps"—a name given in ridicule to independent voters—"the ticket," meaning the list of candidates recommended for election by either party, and so on. The speculative nature of nearly all Americans has originated the expression "you bet," which is the basis of many phrases, as, "you bet your life," "bet your sweet life," "bet your bottom dollar," "bet your boots," "stake your pile," "go the lot on that." Favourite games of cards have caused such expressions as "euchred!" to signify that one is exposed or thwarted; "I pass," meaning that one declines further conjecture or speculation; "let's make a Jack-pot," a proceeding in the game of poker similar to making a pool; "pooling the issues," denoting an intention or proposal to put all the results of some action together and "divvy up" or divide equally among the partners. To "catch on" means to understand or comprehend quickly, and has its parallel on this side of the Atlantic in "do you catch my meaning?" It is usual in the States to call railways "rail-roads," railway lines "tracks," carriages "cars," and stations "depots." Tramway carriages are referred to as "street" or "horse" cars, in contradistinction to "steam-cars" or railway trains. A railway engine is known as a "locomotive," in opposition to a stationary engine. The guards are all "conductors;" and there is no luggage, but all "baggage," and hence porters are called opprobriously "baggage-smashers," from their anything but gentle handling of the baggage. The speed of the trains has given rise to the

phrase "to railroad a thing through," meaning to get a thing done quickly; and the huge lamp which flashes along the line from the front of the engine has given its name to a special lamp-oil called "headlight oil." Very nearly every State has its special provincialisms, and they are as numerous as the words peculiar to the counties of England. Climate has had a great deal to do with many of these peculiarities, the languid heat of the Southern States having induced a soft drawling accent and a habit of slurring over certain letters, syllables, and sounds.'

A NATURAL SALMON-TRAP.

The salmon, the cousin of the trout, is famous for its method of going up-stream; it darts at falls ten or twelve feet high, leaps into the air, and rushes up the falling water in a marvellous manner. So determined are the salmon to attain the high and safe waters, that in some localities nets are placed beneath the falls, into which the fish tumble in their repeated attempts to clear the hill of water. Other than human hunters, moreover, profit by these scrambles up-hill. Travellers report that on the banks of the Upper St John River, in Canada, there was once a rock in which a large circular well, or pot-hole, had been worn by the action of the water. At the salmon-season, this rock proved a favourite resort for bears; and for a good reason. Having an especial taste for salmon, the bears would watch at the pot-hole, and as the salmon, dashing up the fall, were thrown by its force into the rocky basin, the bears would quickly scrape them out of the pot-hole, and the poor salmon would be eaten before they had time to wonder at this unlooked-for reception. The Dominion government finally authorised a party of hunters to destroy the pot-hole, and thus break up the bears' fishing-ground.

'POOR JACK.'

A correspondent sends us the following. He says:

Reading the interesting article entitled 'Poor Jack' in the *Journal* of the 7th November, I venture to send you a few notes, thinking that an excerpt from them may possibly be of interest to your readers. As the writer states, Jack is, thanks to the Board of Trade, much better off than he used to be. At all ports where there is not a separate Mercantile Marine Office, the custom-house is used as one, and the customs officials discharge the necessary duties. It is only at large ports that sailors are enabled to proceed home at once, if they do reside—as is generally the case—at a seaport town. They receive a document from the Board of Trade officer, which they present to the officer at the port where they live; and he, being advised through post by the officer at the arrival port, pays the amount of wages due. Here Jack is protected thoroughly from all temptations, and usually arrives at home sober, with his hard-earned wages safe in his pocket. This beneficial system, however, is not extended to the middle-class and small ports, and at these places Jack too often falls a ready prey to the land-sharks. Usually, when a foreign-going ship arrives in port, some hours—or perhaps a day or two—elapse

before Jack is paid off. In the meantime he has his liberty, and it is then that the land-sharks are on the lookout for him. They entice him to their houses and give him drink, and so manage matters that, when the ship is paid off and he receives his wages, he is already considerably indebted to them, and perhaps is in such a muddled condition as to be incapable of taking care of his money. Seamen's Money Orders are of great service in rescuing Jack's wages from the clutches of these plunderers. They are obtained free of charge and for any amount at the time the ship is paid off, and steady seamen generally make use of them. They can be drawn on any Mercantile Marine Office; and as the seaman can make them payable to himself if he is not married, they enable him to get a good portion of his wages home in safety without any expense or risk. What is wanted in many places is that some one concerned in the mission-work amongst sailors should be on the lookout when a ship arrives in port with a crew to pay off, and see the men lodged in respectable boarding-houses or sailors' homes, so that they can send their wages home by means of the Money Orders; and also to see them safely to the railway station. It is grievous to think that the wages of many of our sailors, who have perhaps been out on a voyage of many months' duration, should be dissipated in a few days, and most of it fall into the hands of the worthless creatures who live by this species of plunder.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

TANGLED ivy creeps and twines
Where once bloomed my Lady's flowers;
And the twisting wild woodbines
Weave o'er all their clustering bowers;
And the fruit-trees from the wall
Droop forgotten and forlorn,
And the rose-trees, thick and tall,
From their trellis-work are torn.
Dewy paths—once velvet-smooth
For the dainty steps of youth—
Weedy now, and overgrown
With the rank grass all unown.

Here and there, amid confusion,
Gleams a berry scarlet-hued,
And pale bindweed in profusion
(By the summer breezes wooed),
Creeps, where once verbenas grew,
Or the myrtle flowered so fair
In the warm and scented air;
And the speedwell—deepest blue—
Shakes its frail flowers everywhere.

So, amid these paths—all haunted
By the memory of old flowers—
Grow these wild-wood blooms undaunted,
Through the glowing autumn hours.
Ah! how long ago it seems
Since bright faces glowed and smiled
In this garden of our dreams,
Now so desolate and wild!
They will come again no more,
And no time shall e'er restore
Golden days and fairy flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours.

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